Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy deare loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou haſt vowd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that ornament, to ſhape and loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe ſouldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fier by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happie, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſleweſt *Tibalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happines courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaued and ſullen wench,
Thou puts vp thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heede, take heede, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauie ſorrow makes them apt vnto,
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all the night,
To heare good counſell, oh what learning is:
My Lord, ile tell my Lady you will come.

Ro. Do ſo, and bid my ſweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Here

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid m
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes v

Ro. How well my comfort is re

Fri. Go hēce, goodnight, & here
Either be gone before the watch b
Or by the breake of day diſguiſe f
Soiourne in *Mantua*, ile find out
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to
Euery good hap to you, that chau
Giue me thy hand, tis late, farewe

Ro. But that ā ioy paſt ioy calls
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part wi
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, *his*

Ca. Things haue falne out ſir ſ
That we haue had no time to mou
Looke you, ſhe lou'd her kinſman
And ſo did I. Well we were born
Tis very late, ſheele not come do
I promiſe you, but for your comp
I would haue bene a bed an hour

Paris. Theſe times of wo affoor
Madam goodnight, commend me

La. I will, and know her mind
To night ſhees mewed vp to her

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a de
Of my childes loue: I thinke ſhe
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I
Wife go you to her ere you go to
Acquaint her here, of my ſonne
And bid her, marke you me? on
But ſoft, what day is this?

Pa. Monday my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha ha, well wend
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday te

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3